

A SPEECH

Made to the

LOYAL SOCIETY,

At the Mug-House in Long-Acre;
June the 7th. 1716.

Being the Day of Publick Thanksgiving, For putting
an End to that late Most Unnatural Rebellion, a-
gainst our Lawful Sovereign, and his Protestant
Government.

*Publish'd at the Request of the Society; and Humbly
Inscribed To the Right Honourable*

JOHN Earl of SUTHERLAND,
Who was then Present.

By GEORGE WALDRON, sometime of Queen's-College in
Oxon; and Author of a late Book intituled, *A Perswasive Oration*
to the People of Great-Britain, to stand up in Defence of their Re-
ligion and Liberty.

*Where Truth and Justice in the Van appear,
No Wonder Victory brings up the Rear.*

LONDON: Printed in the Year 1716.



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The Right Honourable

JOHN Earl of Sutherland,
Lieutenant General of His Majesties
Forces, and Knight of the most No-
ble Order of the Thistle.

My Lord.

AS I perceiv'd it was Customary at these Meet-
ings, to Entertain the Company with some
Marks of Loyalty, so I thought it might not be im-
proper, to say something suitable to the Glorious Oc-
casion of this Day. A Day, which your Lordship,
under the Divine Being, has been one of the Chief
Instruments of bringing to pass. And as his Majes-
ty was graciously pleased to say, He, for his own
Part should never forget your Lordship's Ser-
vices, so will our Publick Liberty be another lasting
Monument of your deserved Fame. As my Mean Per-
formance found the Favour of one hearing, so it fully
answered my only Design; for as my Judgment at
best, is but very slender, so these being the Concepti-
ons but of the Day before, it was far from my
Thoughts

Thoughts they should ever appear in Print. However, under your Lordship's Protection, I have ventur'd to gratifie this Worthy Society, tho' at the Expence of exposing my own weak Parts. But tho your Lordship condescended to honour this Society with your Presence, when the following Speech was delivered, yet am I afraid, least I presume too much upon your Lordship's Goodness, whilst I offer that to your Reading, which I am sure must weary your Lordship's Patience to Hear.

But as this is Printed at the Desire of these true Loyalists, so if for the Sincerity of the Authors Meaning, your Lordship shall vouchsafe it a Favourable Reception, it will sufficiently crown the Ambition of him who is, with all Humility and most profound Respect,

My Noble Lord,

Your Lordship's Dutiful and

most Obedient Humble Servant,

George Waldron.



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S P E E C H

Made to the

Loyal Society in Long-Acre.

GREAT Mercies justly call for Great Acknowledgments, but however, I humbly hope, That *You my Worthy and Loyal Gentlemen*, will for once suffer true *Loyalty* to be in some Measure an Excuse for want of *Eloquence* and *Oratory*. It was no less a useful than constant Custom, among the *Antient Romans*, to make Critical Observations of all the Occurrences of every succeeding Day, and if by ill Chance any Calamity befell their *State*, then was the fatal Accident recorded, *Nigro Carbone*, with a *Black Coal*; I suppose, because Dismal Events should be expressed in the most Dismal Colours. But, whilst their Affairs went smoothly on, was the grateful Relation set down, *Nixido & meliore Lapillo*, with a *White Stone*; and thus did their natural Instinct lead them to Sympathize with the Works of Providence, and as their Lives were checquer'd with *good* and *bad*, so were all the Events

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register'd in *Black* and *White*. But tho' we have a Method to imitate, so exactly suitable upon both Occasions, yet we are now happily Rescu'd from the impending Danger of the *Black Record*, and joyfully met together to Celebrate our *Timely Deliverance* in more welcom Colours.

This is a Day of Thanksgiving for our Deliverance both from the *Traiterous Attempts* of our *False Brethren* at Home, and the *premeditated Revenge* of our *Known Enemies* Abroad. To Day we are to Return Thanks for the *Preservation* of our *Lives*, Yea, to Day we are to give Thanks for the *Continuance* of our *threatened Liberty and Religion*. This Day let us Heartily Rejoyce, to see *Three true Protestant Kingdoms* so bravely defended from the *Arbitrary Power and Superstition* of a *false Bigoted Popish Pretender*. And tho' dissaffected Persons may call it, *Insulting those whom we have brought under*, yet let me tell ye Gentlemen, 'Tis perfectly agreeable, even with *Christianity it self*, to Rejoyce, when an *Enemies Fall* renders our *Religion and Liberty* more firm and secure. Those Wretches had Permission to Project their Evil Devices, only to prove how naturally prone their deceitful Hearts were to Villany. But then *Kind Providence* timely restrain'd their injurious Hands from compleating such black Designs, and deliver'd them up to *Justice*, to show how he can resent the Injuries offered to his People. *Quos vult perdere Jupiter, prius Dementat*, was a most elegant Saying of an Heathen, and we may reasonably hope to see it fully verif'd in this our Day. But tho' the Violence of the Flame is extinguish'd, tho' we have repulsed the furious Rage of our Enemies, yet is their secret Malice no less against us: Therefore after these Objects of Justice have

have suffer'd for their unparalell'd Villany, it is highly necessary for us, more closely to *Unite* than ever, for should Opportunity offer them to revive their Treachery, and they sadly succeed, we must expect their fatal Conquest to be attended with no less *Revenge* than when the *Antient Romans* sack'd the miserable *Jerusalem*.

I am verily perswaded, scarce any Nation ever out-brav'd so formidable a Siege; We were not only beset by the dark Counsels of *Rome*, but more basely Betray'd by our *Pretended Guardians* at home; in-somuch that should I venture to say, *None* who were then in *Trust*, were *True*, tho' I may seem to appear rash, yet I am afraid very few would be unjustly censur'd by such an Assertion. For whoever impartially considers the intended Effects of our late *Peace*, will find nothing but Desolation, and what less indeed could be expected, from those who divulg'd all the Secrets of State to a watchful Enemy. And thus *Hypocritical Haman*, firmly promis'd to fill King *Ahasuerus* his Coffers, and purge the Country of all his Enemies, with no other Design than for the better Opportunity to betray them. But tho' he was so much a Court Favourite, yet was the Envy of the People Prophetical, for soon did his vile Actions so far contradict his honest Proposals, that he justly became odious both to King and People, and they unanimously rejoyc'd at his Sufferings. By this we may perceive, how Men have been sometimes carress'd whose Actions, when publick, are not fitting to be mention'd without *Horror* and *Detestation*. And shall not this happy *Society of Mordecai's* rejoyce, who are so bravely defended from the threatening Fury of such an *Haman Crew*. Besides, never did the brave *Romans*

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return from their Wars with Victory, but they as constantly celebrated their past Success, with a most *Glorious Procession*, which they call'd a TRIUMPH. Therefore, if those Victorious People made Publick Rejoycings for defeating an Enemy, who were always ready to comply with their own Terms for a Peace, how much greater Reason have we to Triumph to Day, for our Success against such an implacable Foe, whose Conquest would have been satisfy'd with no milder Terms than imbruing their infamous Hands in our innocent Blood. But lest this Example may not be thought warrantable, we have *Moses* himself to imitate, who compos'd a Song of Thanksgiving, after the mighty Overthrow of *Pharoah* and his Host in the Red Sea. And *David* never escap'd the Rage of a private Enemy, but he offer'd up Songs of Praise and Thanksgiving for his Deliverance. Therefore I think it would be notorious in us Christians, to fall short of the *Jews*, in our grateful Acknowledgments for such a Publick Mercy. And tho' like them, we have not the Divine Favour of immediate Inspiration, yet we are blest with a more Glorious Light by the Gospel, to guide us in all our Actions.

Methinks Gentlemen, this *Knot of Orange* is most adaply chosen as an Emblem of our Rejoycing to Day, but it appears yet more Beautiful, when we consider it is partly intended as a grateful Remembrance of the *Glorious King William*, who bequeath'd us this *Welcom Legacy* now upon the Throne, and I am sure it much better becomes our *Loyal Heads* than an *Oaken Bough*, which was not design'd to commemorate the HAPPY RETURN of King *Charles* the Second, but to stir up the restless Multitude to a BAS-
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TARD RESTORATION. But they must be altogether void of Understanding, who are deluded to believe that All those were Enemies to Monarchy, who were not distinguish'd that Day by a **BRANCH OF SEDITION** (for I am sure it deserves no such Name as *Loyalty*). And can any Reasonable Creature suppose, that we who made such great Rejoycing for the Birth of *Our present Sovereign*, should so soon degenerate, as to be averse to the Return of Monarchy the very next Day? No, these seem to be the last Efforts of a *Desperate Party*, who when they have no real Truths to support their sinking Cause, still endeavour to carry on their dark Designs, by perswading the People to believe a **LIE**. But to Day, whilst we Rejoyce with **ORANGE**, let the *Champions of Rome* mourn with **ROSEMARY**, for their departed *Saints* and dying Cause. Methinks Gentlement, 'tis much pleasanter to read of *guilty Derwent-water* and *Kenmure* upon a *Scaffold*, than of innocent *Cranmer* and *Ridley* in *Flames*, and I am sure all true *Brittons* think the trusty *Mr. Walpole* and *Stanhope* more welcom in the *Senate*, than to supply the room of traiterous *Oxburgh* and *Gascoigne* in the *Sledge*.

Therefore I think we can never sufficiently adore this happy Opportunity, when instead of bewailing our Misfortunes in a Prison, we can applaud the glorious means of our Deliverance in our own Houses. But a Man may plainly distinguish the Difference in Religion, even in Fellow Sufferers for the same Crime; for when the two Lords so justly fell, one left an Aggravation of his *Guilt*, tho' polish'd with the true Spirit of *Priestcraft*, whilst the *Protestant's* leaving the World in Silence, proclaimed

him rather a Penitent, than an obstinate Offender, or at least, that he was so considerate in his last Moments, not to encourage any more of his Fellow-Creatures to hazard their Lives, by undertaking an Enterprize which he found so fatal to himself. But tho' the cursed Insinuations of the deluding Priests, may urge a *Bigot* to brave out his Misfortunes beyond the natural Temper of a Man, yet I can never believe they quit the delightfull Enjoyments of this World, without Reluctancy. Let us only compare the ravishing Entertainments of a large beautiful Garden, to the miserable Confinement of a stinking Prison, let us compare the dismal Horror of a lonesome Dungeon, to the satisfactory Retirement of a Closet, and a spacious, well-furnish'd Room, to the scanty Limits of a Scaffold, consider the pleasing Grandeur of a Side-Board finely bedeck'd with Plate, with the dreadful Furniture of an *Axe Block* and *Coffin*; consider the Gracefulness of a Splendid Coach and suitable Equipage, to the notorious Infamy of a *Sledge*, attended with Company who are never welcome in the least part of their Office. Consider I say, whether he whose Presence once commanded Respect from all, can submit to the deadly Blow, from the vile, undistinguishing Hands of the Common Executioner, without Regret? What I here mention only alludes to their leaving the Pleasures of this World, for I shall not take upon me to delcant upon the Concerns of another Life, because Gentlemen, ye already know, that a *Popish* Traytor generally goes to Heaven in a String. But tho' the late *Suffering Rebel*, in his *Meritorious Road* thither, said, *He never knew that the difference of Religion in a Prince, should take away the Allegiance of the* Sub-

Subject, yet Gentlemen, with humble Submission, I think, he that defends a Prince who is a known Enemy to the *Establish'd Religion and Constitution of his Country*, may be justly said to serve *Mammon* and neglect *God*, for if we believe the Scriptures, they expressly tell us we cannot serve both. And tho' these insinuating Sufferers affirm, that had the *Pretender* been a *Protestant*, their Allegiance would be still the same, tho' I would not be thought to judge uncharitably of a dying Man, yet how can we take that for a Truth from one of that Perswasion, when we know *Raviliac* was allow'd by the Jesuits to stab King *Henry* the Fourth of *France* (tho' a Papist) only for favouring the Protestants? And yet we must lay down our Necks to be troden upon by a Man of a quite opposite Faith, when 'tis meritorious in them to murder a King of their own Religion, because he did not delight in Persecution.

But tho the *known Truths* of the *Protestant Faith* have bravely supported many to undergo *Martyrdom* for that *Glorious Cause*, yet when we may enjoy our Religion in Peace, I hope we are too wise to chuse Persecution. For that, Gentlemen, is a Piece of Political Religion we are wholly ignorant of, and so dangerous a Relick of Merit, that I hope none of us will ever be trapp'd into. However I could wish, that all those who are such *Strenuous Zealots* in the *Pretender's Counsels*, would shew their Boasted ALLEGIANCE, and repair to his Fugitive Court. I for my own Part, esteem it a greater Honour (tho' a Subject in the lowest Degree) to live under our lawful Protestant Sovereign King GEORGE, than forfeit my Freedom, to be made either *General* or *Secretary* to a *Sham Potentate*. But I am apt to believe, those *Vagrants of Distinction*

Distinction will soon find a mighty Difference between a plentiful Table at their own uncontroul'd Expence, and the beggarly Entertainment of those two infatuating (tho' empty) Dishes call'd *Indefeasible Hereditary Right* and *General Allegiance*; and surely, when their Senses return, and they recollect this Saying, viz. *Miserum est aliena vivere Quadra*, they will be glad to give a Pound of their Allegiance for an Ounce of *Hereditary Right* to their own *Estates* again, which indeed I take to be the most advantageous Notion of *Hereditary Right*. For as *William the Conqueror* attained this Crown only by Force of Arms, how can we suppose that God should entail *Indefeasible Hereditary Right* upon us, from such a Bloody Action? No; I rather apprehend it to be a Poisonous Artifice sprung from the Seeds of Popery, who always think that the best Right, which is obtain'd by the greatest Effusion of Blood; for tho' the ancient *Britons* had stauncher Notions of Loyalty, than the *Papists* have at this Day, yet were they possess'd with no such dangerous Chimera's, if so, they had certainly been brought under that Yoke long before.

But since these Wretches willfully abandon their Freedom, for their pretended Allegiance, let us increase in *True Loyalty*, which is the only Method to preserve ours. Methinks Gentlemen, *Prosperity to the Succession*, drinks with more Pleasure and Satisfaction in this *Mug of true English Ale*, than Confusion to Protestantism (especially after a guilty Flight) would relish either in *Burgundy* or *Champaigne*, which poisonous Toast has already infected too many of our Fellow-Subjects, to the Ruin of their innocent Families, and the Loss of their own tainted Lives. For whoever wishes Success to a Popish Pretender,

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is consequently an Enemy to the Protestant Faith, and let such Men beware, lest more of them are put to their Honour at the *Triple-Tree*; which in my Opinion is but a scurvy Reward in this World for their *Allegiance*, whatever Share such mistaken Sufferers may pretend to claim in the *Treasury of Eternal Merit*. But these are the Persons who pretend so much to Loyalty, yet are most inveterate Enemies to the Gracious Prince that protects them. Whilst others, who tho' Actors in the same bloody Scene, Pretend to be the only *True Friends to the Protestant Faith*, yet invent all the vile Methods imaginable to disturb and destroy it. How must our Enemies abroad rejoyce, when instead of uniting upon a Day of Publick Thanksgiving, we are oblig'd to stand upon our Guard, for Fear of one another? How monstrous is the Ingratitude and Prejudice of Mankind, who, tho' Justice has been so sparingly executed, still cry out upon Cruelty, and since the Force of their Envious Hands has failed, their ungrateful Tongues do not spare to curse the Government that has been so merciful to their Party, which is even worse than the very *Devils* themselves; for when they desired our *Blessed Saviour* to let them enter into the Herd of Swine, we do not find they Blasphem'd him after that favourable Condescension, but since they have a Second Part to their villanous Tune, tis highly proper that *Justice* should beat Time, lest the ignorant be seduc'd to make up the fatal Chorus again. And would our Magistrates order more frequent Use for the CART, I am sure we should in a short Time have much less Occasion for the GALLOWS. The mighty Warlike Preparations of the *Turks*, seem very much to alarm some amongst us, tho they do not so immediately threaten our selves; but as to the perse-

cutting *Foroe* of *Popery*, which so closely besets us, they are altogether silent. But for my own Part, if one of those *Fatalities* was inevitable, and we might chuse, the Choice is so dreadful, I care not which befell me, because I have no Notion which is the milder; for tis the same Case to me, whether my Throat is cut with a *Knife* or a *Feather*. Tho' I think our present Confusions are a complicated Medly of both, and some endeavour to introduce *Popery* after the *Turkish Method*; and as the *Turks* proclaim War by exposing the *Horse's-Tail*, so these make an *Oaken-Bough* the daring *Herald* to usher in *Popery*, or I cannot conceive to what End such audacious Actions can tend, because we are already blest with a King, who, void of all other Pretensions but the Purity of his *Religion*, is sufficient to make a *Protestant People* completely happy; but if we consider his *Government* as an Absolute Prince before, and how tenderly he has exercis'd that necessary Power vested in him since his Accession to our Throne, I believe his greatest *Enemies* will allow, he wants nothing but the Pope's Blessing to *confirm his Right*; which is the only Infallible Method to deprive us of ours. But notwithstanding our Enemies at home are still so industrious to possess us with the great *Danger of the Church*, from the *Pretended Growth of Schism*, yet we will rejoyce to see her supported by more firm and steady Props, than since *England* has been establish'd upon a Protestant Foundation. And tho our Happy Reformation was begun out of private Resentment to the Pope, yet is it now likely to be perpetuated from a sincere Abhorrence of *Popery*. And I hope the vile Methods our Enemies make Use of to breed Divisions will only prove a happy Means to confirm a perfect Union amongst us, the sooner. For
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now we may discover the real Design of that ill-tim'd *Bill of Schism*, their Aim does not in the least appear to gain Profelytes, to the pure Church of *England*, but to stir up Contention among our selves, for the more effectual strengthening the reviving Cause of *Rome*. For had the Dissenters happily Conform'd with all the Rules of our Church, we had some amongst us projecting such a Scheme, as would have oblig'd them to mount yet one Step higher, and go to Mass. For tho' a Man may purchase Indulgencies for any Crime, in the Romish Faith, yet for Hereticks their Charity allows no Medium between *Martyrdom* and *Apostacy*.

Therefore I think 'tis now highly proper we should for ever banish the odious Distinction of *Whig* and *Tory*, and reduce all under the Denomination of *Papist* and *Protestant*, since we may so plainly discover that a Pretended *Hereditary Right* is tacked to one, only for the fairer Opportunity to establish the other. And now their secret Cabals are detected, and their open Force suppress'd, they project dumb Signs to animate their drooping Faction. But after this late poisonous Misapplication of *Oak*, I shall never think my self so sure under the future Protection of an *Oaken-Club*, lest it may prove a *Branch* from a tainted *Tree*, and infect me with the Spirit of Rebellion. And tis great pity we cannot devise some new *Utenfil* for our *Beds*, since a Salamander has been once bred in *Warming-Pan*, and blow'd up the Coals into a Flaming *Rebellion*. But since they aim at Marks of Distinction for peculiar Days, I presume to recommend those to them for the Tenth Instant, viz. A little *Warming-Pan* to hang at their Button, and a *Tile* for their Shield to defend them against their *Heretical Enemies*, for I question not but their raging Malice will invent some new Emblem of Sedition for that Day, tho' I know not what more lively representations can be devis'd suitable to such a remarkable Occasion. For if we seriously consider it, 'tis a Day that is more ridiculous even to remember, that when the mighty Mountain deceiv'd the gazing Spectators, with the Produce of a poor *Mouse*. A Day, whereon one Woman brought forth what another pretended to conceive, which was call'd (forsooth) a *Royal Birth*. A Day, from whence all our Confusions had their unhappy Source. A Day when *England* must

must have ~~some~~ Hopes of a *spurious* ~~Heir~~ to maintain Her Laws, when his very Birth was manag'd quite contrary to Her Laws. In short Gentlemen, 'twas a Day which never was the Cause of any Good, but what we are met to rejoyce for now. But what ever imaginary Advantage they may pretend to by that wonderful Day, we have not only the Happiness of having the 28th of *May* precede the 10th of *June* in our Annual Calendar, but that will be perpetuated with a most Glorious and Grateful Solemnity, when the other shall be buried in as much Obscurity and Oblivion as the *spurious Birth* was usher'd in with, which first caus'd it to be mentioned. Tho' the Consequences of this Birth have prov'd so fatal, yet is that not worth our Discourse, which can afford no feasible Argument on both sides. For as it was manag'd contrary to Custom, Justice, Law or Reason, it can be call'd no less than a *Popish Right*, tho' I must own it has had so far its intended Effect, as to make an *Hereditary* Confusion. But if contriving the Destruction of Mankind be meritorious, I am sure *Rome* could never boast such bright Saints before; and St. *GARNET* Engineer in the *Powder-Plot*, seem'd but a shallow Contriver to St. *GASCOIGNE* in this. And were not the Days so far distant, the Glories of this wou'd eclipse even those of the *Memorable Fifth of November*, but tho' this Day duly consider'd is preferable to the former, yet shall That share no less in our Loyal Esteem. But least frail Man should droop in his Loyalty to his King, and Fidelity to his Country, Providence has most wisely interwoven the *Glorious first of August* to recruit your Affections. Therefore Let our Motto for the future be INVOLABLY *Semper Idem*.

Now Gentlemen, lest I should detain you too long, with a Fruitless Harangue, I only beg Leave to conclude thus.

Let those who scorn their Freedom, hug their Doom,
And back the Slavish Cause of crafty *Rome*;
Let them declare against our *Faith's Defender*,
Or use their secret Arts for a *Pretender*:
We value not their Plots, their Arms desie,
And to prevent all future Treachery,
Keep Trait'rous *Catilines* from that pure Court
Where none but faithful Patriots should resort.

F I N I S.

